

# The People's Press.

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## The People's Press.

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### Poetry.

#### BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.

"Bless God for rain!" the good man said,  
And wiped away a grateful tear;  
That we may have our daily bread,  
He drops a shower upon us here.  
Our Father! thou who dwellest in Heaven,  
We thank thee for the pearly shower!  
The blessed present thou hast given  
To man, and beast, and bird, and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,  
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame  
As though a prayer came from its heart  
For rain to come; and lo, it came!  
The Indian corn with silken plume,  
And tiny pitchers with flowers filled,  
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,  
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green;  
The brooklet swells its song again;  
Mechinks an angel's wing is seen  
In every cloud that brings us rain.  
There is a rainbow in the sky,  
Upon the arch where tempests tread;  
God wrote it ere the world was dry—  
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,  
And clouds of fire were swept along,  
The sun rides in a car of gold,  
And soaring larks dissolve in song.  
The rills that gush from mountain side,  
Flow trickling to the verdant base—  
Just like the tears of gratitude  
That often stain a good man's face.

Great King of Peace, deign now to bless;  
The windows of the sky unbar;  
Shower down the rain of righteousness,  
And wash away the stain of War;  
And let the radiant bow of Love  
In beauty mark the moral sky,  
Like that fair sign unrolled above,  
But not like it to fade and die.

### Select Miscellany.

#### WAS IT A DREAM?

BY PAUL PLUME.

My uncle owned a plantation in L— county, Virginia, that had for years (long before it came into his possession), been dignified by the name of Belton Manor. It contained three hundred acres, but only about one-third was arable land.

In my uncle's time it was devoted to stock raising, and only enough planting was done to barely supply the requirements of the place.

The manor-house was a substantial building, not very commodious in its accommodations, and very unimpressive in its appearance. Still it was a comfortable home and not without its quiet enjoyments. My mother superintended my uncle's establishment, he being a bachelor, and past the age when such men take to matrimony. A careless, good-natured person he was, very much inclined to indolence, and giving the entire control of the manor to Adam Young, the overseer, who, to his credit, it is recorded, managed affairs so prudently that for a long period he kept the Sheriff at bay. But the crisis came at last. Adam was taken suddenly ill and died, and then matters took a decidedly adverse course for all of us at Belton Manor. Uncle Rupert made an effort to manage for himself, but soon gave it up and employed a new overseer, who managed even worse than he had done. At the expiration of twelve months Belton Manor was sold under the hammer, and became the possession of Mr. Harold Wynn, an English gentleman who came no one knew whither, and whose purpose in making the purchase was equally obscure. For nearly two years Belton Manor remained untenanted, and the bats and moles commenced to regard themselves tenants by courtesy, when Mr. Wynn made his appearance accompanied by a score of workmen, who commenced to turn the old house up side down and model it after the fancy of the owner.

Uncle Rupert realized enough out of the sale to purchase a small cottage in the neighborhood where we all retired and lived very much at our ease. My mother had a very comfortable annuity, which helped Uncle Rupert amazingly in his straitened circumstances.

By-and-by the new house, or rather the old house renewed, stood out in bold relief against the warm summer sky, and Mr. Harold Wynn, daughter and servants, became installed upon the spot where I was born and raised.

Mr. Wynn was reported to be exceedingly wealthy. He was an austere man, very polite and very cold in his manner. He was dignified all over, and was not a person with whom one would be inclined to indulge in the slightest familiarity. In consideration of these qualities, the people soon nicknamed him "Sir Harold," and always employed this term when not addressing him personally.

When Mr. Wynn first heard of the appellation that had been bestowed upon him, he smiled, and with cold irony replied: "Perhaps these Republicans know best." Whether they knew best or not, Mr. Wynn cared as little as he did for the smoke that arose from these gossipers' chimneys.

Sir Harold's household was managed on the good old English plan, butler and underlings were all there, and every one, down to the very scullion, assumed such consequential airs that every person in L— county soon understood that Belton Manor was a very different place from what it used to be in days of good-natured, fox-hunting Rupert Lee.

But the house of Sir Harold contained one pleasant fact that every one in the neighborhood was glad to see—blue-eyed, golden-haired Lucy Wynn, the daughter of the dignified land-

owner who greeted his neighbors with a stiff bow or formal speech. Frank, youthful and very sociable, the daughter won all hearts by her beauty and her disregard of ostentation. Arrayed in clothing of the same material that other young ladies wore, with a common straw bonnet on her head, Lucy Wynn would pass from house to house, and cottage to cottage, winning friends and admirers wheresoever she went.

Among the select few who had a *carte blanche* at Belton Manor was the Rector of All Saints Parish, good, kind, gentle Mr. Knowlton. Like Sir Harold he was British born, but his parents settled in the Old Dominion while he was yet a child, and the land he cared to love, was that in which he lived and where his parents' ashes reposed. But the circumstances of Mr. Knowlton being a native of the "right little isle," was a great advantage in the estimation of the proprietor of Belton Manor.

"Pooh! pooh!" the Rector would reply, when Sir Harold began pluming himself on the land of his nativity. "We should all be cosmopolitan. Happiness is the object of life, and what matters it whether it be found under the arched plain of heaven, or so long as we live in the enjoyment of liberty and walk uprightly before our Maker."

Though Sir Harold never till his latest day indulged these Republican sentiments of the clergyman, he nevertheless respected him for his honest outspoken opinions, and more frequently consulted him in matters of advice than he did his paid attorney.

Mr. Knowlton, too, was the link between Sir Harold and his neighbors. The good clergyman used his influence to soften the asperity that frequently came to lips at the mention of the name of him who ruled at Belton Manor.

"You'll think better of him some day," Mr. Knowlton would remark. "To be sure, he is a hard man to understand, his mind filled with old-time notions, but he is not bad in the main. By-and-by he'll lose these ideas; it takes time to transform your genuine Englishman into a Republican, but it will all come in good season, and he will be none the worse for his stubbornness."

I scarcely remember how it was that Mr. Knowlton took me with him to Belton Manor. It was about the last place on earth that I should have thought of visiting. But I went there and was kindly received by Lucy Wynn, and just noticed by her father.

Mr. Knowlton and Sir Harold played chess while I sat and conversed timidly with the daughter who worked at her embroidery frame, and explained to me the mysteries her fairy fingers were weaving.

Is it a wonder I learned to love Lucy Wynn, when at length her father began to notice me and condescended to talk with me and my visits were not restricted to formal calls? I was young, to be sure, but old enough to feel the magic influence of the beautiful girl that called me by my Christian name. But the social distinction so dear to the heart of Harold Wynn, sealed my lips on the subject of my passion, and I never spoke of Lucy Wynn in silence. I felt sure the moment the stern man should discover my presumption, that instant I should pass out his doors never to enter them again.

Time brought strange changes to Belton Manor. A Mr. Percy McCalum made his appearance there, and very soon converted it into a veritable pandemonium. He was distant related to Mr. Wynn, and had come directly from the old country to Virginia. Percy McCalum was the opposite of Sir Harold in everything, and yet for some reason never understood, the owner of Belton Manor tolerated him in all his whims, and was never known to reprove him. Fox hunts, balls and parties were now common occurrences at Belton Manor, and Percy McCalum was the chief spirit in them all. He was exceedingly wealthy; report said that his income was fifty times that of Mr. Wynn. Percy McCalum never talked "country." You never would have known where he hailed from if you had waited for him to inform you. He talked of the world, for he had been everywhere and lived everywhere, and seemed to like everybody. Besides, he had a funny way of calling persons by their plain names. Half an hour's conversation with him and you would find yourself on as familiar terms as if you had been reared together and always slept in the same bed. This pleased the people of L— county, and McCalum was the most popular man to be found therein. Sometimes he would enter a smith's shop and insist on using a hammer at the anvil, till overcome with fatigue, he would lay it aside and laugh heartily over his achievement. Oft times he would spring into a hay meadow and help pack up the wagons. He knew everyone, he talked to everyone, and all wondered at him. For myself I confessed he was a perfect enigma to my understanding. He would play chess with Sir Harold, who invariably beat him, jump up and make Lucy drop whatever she was about and take her harp while he would sing with her, and the next moment, if Mr. Knowlton happened to come in the music would cease and McCalum would soon be talking with the divine on matters so abstruse that I fairly became bewildered. I never dreamed that Percy McCalum would snatch Lucy Wynn from my side and make her his wife. But he did, and it was for that very reason he came to Virginia.

When I first heard the news it came from Lucy herself. I was sitting by her side examining some beautiful engravings that McCalum had brought from England.

"Do you know I am going to marry Mr. McCalum?" she asked.

A thrill of terror ran through my veins. "Don't say that," I exclaimed, "don't, don't." "Why not?" answered Lucy, gazing at me with surprise.

"Because—because—never mind, I must go home, I am not well," and I seized my hat.

As I passed out the door, I heard her murmur, "Can it be true? I never thought of that. Poor boy."

I turned around and faced her. I know that I was very pale. "Good-bye," I said, but the tears were already in my eyes, and I hurried away.

Yes, it was a gay wedding they had at Belton Manor, but I didn't go. I had the brain fever, and was lying in my bed hovering between life and death. When I stood on my feet again, Percy McCalum and wife were in England. I

used to go and sit on a huge rock near Belton Manor and gaze on the house until I became nearly a madman. Then I would weep like a child. I was not strong yet, so I had a relapse, and went to bed again for a couple of weeks.

Sad and weary, I once more got out into the bright sunshine. I wondered how people could be happy; when I saw a picnic party returning home, all singing and happiness beaming in their faces, I said I wondered how people could be happy, for I don't see anything in the world to make me sing. But I could see some things that were invisible to others' sight; when I looked into the clear murmuring brook I could see the eyes of Lucy McCalum, shall I tell her? No, Lucy Wynn. If I took up a book to try and amuse myself, those great, glorious blue eyes would come between me and the page, and I turned away, throwing down the volume; for everywhere upon earth, dreaming or waking, I had but one thought—I loved the wife of another.

Poor fool that I was, and yet I had no power to help myself. I lived in a *world of suffering*—realities scarcely claimed my attention. I grew thin, my heart was eating away my life.

Uncle Rupert's eyes were often upon me in a meaning manner, but he never asked me how I felt. My mother made all sorts of little delicacies to bring back my appetite. She might as well offered them to the stone lions at Sir Harold's door steps.

While my mind was thus racked and my bodily strength wasting away, I had a dream or a vision. I never was given to superstition, but this night brought a change to all my after days. I thought I stood upon a promontory overlooking the blue ocean. The sun was just rising, and shed a golden pathway across the calm sea. Through the heavens a few thin, fleecy clouds floated along, wreathing themselves into fantastic shapes, when all at once the sky changed to blackness. I heard the angry roar of the waters as the gale swept onward. Then I saw a ship with battered hull and torn sail, trembling and straining in the blast. Lucy Wynn stood upon the deck, her hands outstretched toward me; she was alone, all the rest had been swept away.

"Go," she cried, "and tell my father," as with a heavy lurch the ship disappeared beneath the sea.

It was a bright day when I awoke, but my terror was something that words of mine cannot express.

I dressed myself and slowly took my way to Belton Manor. The birds were singing in the hedges, and nature had on her gayest attire. I stopped several times and reasoned with myself.

"What am I about to do? Will not Mr. Wynn consider me a lunatic? Shall I dare tell him that I come simply to relate to him a dreadful dream? I have been ill, in fact am still far from being in health. Is not all this the result of a diseased mind?"

I was half inclined to retrace my steps for very shame; but something prompted me to go forward.

I found Harold Wynn sitting on the doorstep, his head bowed between his open hands. He never noticed my approach until I stood beside him. Then he raised his head, and I noticed that his face was pale and his eyes bloodshot. "Sit down," he said, pointing to a seat beside him on the stone step. "I am glad you have come, I wanted somebody to speak to me, for I have had a horrible dream."

"And so have I, sir," I replied, "and it is for that reason I have come to speak to you."

"Let me hear you," he said, in a quick, husky voice.

I commenced and minutely related my dream, and as I paused, he said:

"And you dreamed this?"

"Alas! I did, sir."

"It is almost identical with my own—my daughter, my poor daughter has perished. Her last letter to me was dated from Liverpool, and she was to sail with her husband in a couple of weeks."

"Let us hope," I replied, "that these gloomy forebodings may prove groundless, that ere long she may again stand in Belton Manor as happy and as beautiful as you last beheld her."

He arose and wrung my hand, passed within the door without a reply, and I turned my steps homeward.

Twenty-five years have passed away since I stood beside Harold Wynn and looked into his troubled face, and neither Percy McCalum or Lucy have ever reappeared. Mr. Wynn is a very old man. I sometimes meet him leaning on the arm of a servant, as he wanders over Belton Manor. He gazes vacantly about him, and asks if Percy McCalum and his wife have yet arrived; then he will pass his hand slowly across his wrinkled forehead and exclaim: "Was it not a horrible dream?"

#### Loneliness of the Ocean.

One who has never traveled upon the ocean expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast travel and traffic that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with the hurrying to and fro of the nations. He reads of land whose commerce whitens every sea, and he is ready to think that the ocean itself is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty metropolis. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land the ships begin to disappear. As he goes on his way they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but the blue sea and the bent and solitary ship during the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will cross the horizon. There are spaces measured by thousands of miles over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a nation's "commerce whitening every sea" is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that have ever been built were brought in a single fleet, they would fill but a hand's breadth of the ocean. The space, therefore, that man and his works occupy on the sea is as small in extent as the hold on it by his power is slight and superficial. Both together are nothing. The ocean, covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe, and by far the greater part of this vast expanse is, and ever has been, entirely free from his presence and visitation.

#### A Visit to the Copper Mines.

Marion, Va., Patriot and Herald.  
Through a courteous invitation from Mr. S. Clayton, one of the owners of Ore Knob, N. C. copper mines, the senior editor of this paper joined a party at this place on Monday, June 30th, to make an excursion to the Knob. The party consisted of Col. Robert Gilmore, Maj. A. B. Patterson, Messrs. S. S. Clayton, Jno. S. Williams, F. B. Loney and C. C. Brooks, of Baltimore; Mr. Wm. Glenn, of Norfolk; Gen. D. H. Strother ("Porte Crayon") of Berkeley Springs, West Va.; Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, F. R. S., of Boston; Mr. G. W. Mosely and the writer, of Marion.

The party left Marion at 6 a. m., on Monday morning, in conveyances provided by Mr. Clayton; and over the excellent road which has been mainly built by the company we sped at a space which brought us to the hospitable abode of Mr. Ezekiel Young, in Grayson county, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and here we spent the night, reading the copper mine reports under the moon on Tuesday. We remained at Ore Knob until Saturday morning, taking observations and enjoying ourselves generally; and we propose to give our readers a brief account of what we saw and heard while there.

#### ORE KNOB.

As the mountain peak upon which the mine is situated is called, is situated in Ashe county, N. C., 46 miles southeast of Marion (the nearest railroad depot), and ten miles east of Jefferson, the county site of Ashe county. The existence of copper upon the Knob has been known for some twenty-five years, but the magnitude of the deposits was not suspected until the present company obtained possession of it. To show how little was suspected of its immense value, we will mention that it was sold in 1848 for the magnificent sum of

#### ELEVEN DOLLARS.

and was afterward bought by Mr. John Martin, now a resident of Ashe county, for fifty dollars. It was worked on a small scale before the war by a Tennessee company, who had no works upon the ground, but landed the ore by a roundabout way to Wytheville for shipment. The present company, composed of Messrs. S. S. Clayton, Geo. Small, Jno. S. Williams, James Clayton, and others, all of the city of Baltimore, is incorporated with a working capital of

#### THREE MILLION DOLLARS;

and that sum is far short of the real value of the knob, which contains, all things considered, one of the most valuable and extensive veins of copper ever discovered in America.

The vein of copper, which extends transversely through the Knob, is a true fissure, and has been traced a distance of nearly 1,200 feet. The depth of the vein is not known, as the deepest shaft yet sunk is 152 feet, and the ore is still beneath, and extends to an indefinite depth; fissure veins have rarely been worked down to any bottom. The width of the vein where "cross-cuts" have been made is from twelve to fourteen feet; and it is safe to say that it will average at least ten feet in width. The ore will yield an average of twelve to twenty per cent. of copper. The immense value of the Ore Knob mine will be seen when we state, upon the authority of experienced miners, that a three foot vein of copper ore, yielding from 3 to 5 per cent. of copper, is considered a good paying vein.

Seven shafts have been sunk to the vein, the deepest of which is, as before stated, 152 feet. A gallery about 630 feet in length has been run through the vein. In sinking the shafts and running the gallery at least three hundred thousand dollars' worth of ore has been taken out, which is now being worked up by the company. It sounds almost incredible that this vast amount of ore should have been taken out while merely opening the vein and preparing for mining, but the ore is there to speak for itself.

The company when they first commenced operations shipped a considerable quantity of ore to market, but they have now erected extensive works for the extraction of the metal at the mines. The process of

#### MAKING COPPER

is as follows: The ore is first crushed, and then ground to an impalpable powder; after which it is "roasted" in furnaces for the purpose of driving off the sulphur which it contains. The copper is then extracted from the ore by the wet process, discovered and patented by Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, of Boston, and Prof. Jas. Douglas, Jr., of Quebec, Canada. This process, which is put into operation at Ore Knob for the first time on a large scale, is a very simple and economical method of extracting the metal and will, we think, be adopted universally when its merits become known, and will be a large source of revenue to the distinguished chemists who are its discoverers.

By the process of professors Hunt and Douglas, the ore, after the "roasting" process, is put in a bath of chloride of iron, made by mingling salt and copperas. This is thoroughly stirred and the copper is dissolved. After the copper is thoroughly dissolved the liquor is allowed to stand for some hours, in order to allow the heavier particles to subside; then the liquor, with the copper in solution, is drawn off into tanks filled with scrap iron on the iron is the precipitation of the copper on the scrap iron, after giving up its copper, is used over again indefinitely. The company is shipping the cement copper to market at present; but as soon as furnaces can be erected for which preparations are now making, the copper will be refined at the mine and shipped to market in ingots. The present daily production of copper is about 4,500 pounds, the marketable value of which is about \$1,000. By the first of January next it is expected that the daily production will be 16,000 pounds, worth, at the present price of the metal, about \$4,000. The company have at present about 225 men in their employ, and their payments amount to \$6,000 monthly.

#### THE FIRST YEAR'S WORK.

The present company purchased Ore Knob over two years ago, but spent a considerable time in perfecting their title to the property, so that they only commenced active mining operations about one year ago. In that short space they have done an extraordinary amount of work. They have built six roasting furnaces,

which by January 1st will be increased to twenty-six; forty-four tanks, with a capacity of 4,000 gallons each; drying-house, engine-house, store-house, offices, a large boarding-house for the employees, and quite a number of other buildings. A handsome and commodious cottage has been built as a residence for the manager. When we looked upon the numerous buildings with which the Knob is covered, it seemed almost incredible that this place was covered with the native forest but little more than a year ago; but such is the fact. We were forcibly reminded of the magical growth of the railroad towns of the West. We suspect that the Old North State has not witnessed such a rapid metamorphosis of "forest into city" for many a day. Witnessing what has been done the past year we were prepared to give entire credence to the statement of the energetic manager that by July 1, 1875 he expected to have a town of 2,000 inhabitants upon Ore Knob. With such energy and "push" as have been displayed there, very few things are impossible.

In addition to the vast amount of work done at the mine the company have repaired the road from Ore Knob to Marion and for a considerable portion of the way have made an entirely new road, so that it is now one of the best mountain roads in the Southwest, whereas before they commenced operations the route was well nigh impassable for a good portion of the year. We understand that it is the intention of the company to make a movement the coming autumn to McAdamsville the road from this point, wherever it is needed. In this they ought to, and doubtless will, receive the cordial co-operation of the counties through which the road passes. The benefits of such a road to the people of the counties of Smyth, Grayson and Ashe cannot be over-estimated.

We were very much impressed during our visit with the perfect system with which the

#### MANAGEMENT

of the mines is conducted. The manager, Mr. James L. Clayton, although quite a young man, possesses executive abilities of the highest order, an extraordinary amount of what the natives call "gittin' along sense." He has all the work about the mines reduced to the most perfect system, and everything moves with the regularity of clockwork, without the slightest jarring. The place is governed like a well-ordered village. Mr. Clayton has secured the passage of a law by the Legislature of North Carolina prohibiting the sale of liquor in the vicinity of the mines, and he permits no swearing or indecorous conduct or language. The employees are kindly informed of their duties, and when they fail to perform them they are politely invited to interview the paying clerk, and their places are supplied by others. During our stay of nearly a week we heard not the slightest profanity, nor saw any drunkenness or disorderly conduct. The orderly conduct of the men was a subject of remark among all the visitors. The company displayed great wisdom in selecting Mr. Clayton as their manager; they could not have secured a better. The other members of the party will bear us out in the assertion that his abilities as a best manager of the highest order. He understood our party right royally—laboring with tireless energy to make his guests comfortable, and he succeeded to admiration. May his shadow never grow less!

The party remained at the Knob until Saturday, when it returned to Marion, leaving behind Col. Gilmore, who was so charmed with the place that he concluded to spend a week or two there, and Dr. Hunt and Mr. S. S. Clayton, who remained on business.

"Porte Crayon" made some striking sketches of the mines and the miners, which will in due time appear in Harper's Magazine, together with one of his "pen pictures" of the mine, which are as artistic and elegant as his inimitable "pencilings."

We have given, briefly, an account of Ore Knob copper mine and what is doing there. The figures herein given as to the production of the mines and the quality of the ore produced are, we are convinced from our own observation, not over estimated. It is a magnificent mine of wealth to the company to which it belongs, and the benefit to be derived from it to the country in which it is situated is incalculable. The expenditures of the company now for wages to hands, &c., is about \$6,000 per month, and in less than twelve months from this time this amount will be more than doubled. A market for grain and all the products of the farm is opened up, not only to the neighboring farmers, but to those along the route from Ore Knob to Marion—the receiving and shipping depot of the company. The trade of Ashe county will receive a new impetus by the money which is put in circulation, and while the company is being enriched, the products of the county will be increased by the expenditures of the company.

We ended our visit and parted from our fellow excursionists with regret. We have seldom been thrown into a more pleasant company and never enjoyed a pleasure trip more than this. Everything that genuine old Virginia hospitality—or rather Maryland hospitality, which is much the same thing—could suggest for the comfort and enjoyment of the party was done; and for our share of the enjoyment, Mr. Clayton has our sincerest thanks. Our visit to the Ore Knob will be one of the many "bright spots" in our life, around which pleasant memories will ever cling.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A Scotch parson had a farmer neighbor who was in the habit of shooting on Sunday. But after while this Sabbath breaker joined the church. One day the minister, to whose church he belonged, met a friend of the farmer, and said: "Do you see any difference in Mr. P. since he joined the church?" "Oh! yes," replied the friend, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to shoot on Sunday, he carried his gun over his shoulder, but now he carries it under his coat."

It was the custom of an old lady, who formerly entertained travelers, before her guests commenced a meal to ask a blessing, which she generally concluded in this wise: "Make us truly thankful for the food before us. Nancy, hand around the corn bread first, and the biscuits afterwards. Amen."

#### The Struggle for Wealth.

No one can settle down in a European city or village for a month, and observe the laboring classes, without noticing a great difference between their aspirations, ambitions and habits, and those of corresponding classes in this country. He may see great poverty in a continental town, and men and women laboring severely and faring meanly, and a hopeless gap existing between classes; he may see the poor virtually the slaves of the rich; but he will witness a measure of contentment and a daily participation in humble pleasures to which his eyes have been strangers at home. There is a sad side to this pleasant picture. Much of this apparent contentment and enjoyment undoubtedly come from the hopelessness of the struggle for anything better. An impassable gulf exists between them and the educated and aristocratic classes—a gulf which they have recognized their own limitations, and adapted themselves to them. Seeing just what they can do and cannot do, they very rationally undertake to get out of life just what their condition renders attainable. There is no far-off, crowning goal for them to aim at, so they try to get what they can on the way. They make much of fete-days, and social gatherings, and music, and do what they can to sweeten their daily toil, which they know must be continued while the power of labor lasts.

In America it is very different. A humble blacksmith sits in the presidential chair, or did sit there but recently; a tailor takes the highest honors of the nation; a canal-driver becomes a powerful millionaire; a humble clerk grows into a merchant prince, absorbing the labor and supplying the wants of tens of thousands. In city, state and national politics; hundreds and thousands may be counted of those who, by enterprise, and self-culture, and self-assertion, raised themselves from the humble positions to influence and place. There is no impassable gulf between the low and the high. Every man holds the ballot, and therefore, every man is a person of political power and importance. The ways of business enterprise are many, and the rewards of success are magnificent. Not a year, nor, indeed, a month, passes by, that does not illustrate the comparative with which poor men win wealth or acquire power.

The consequence is that all but the wholly brutal are after some great good that lies beyond their years of toil. The European expects always to be a tenant; the American intends before he dies to own the house he lives in. If city prices forbid this, he goes to the suburbs for his home. The European knows that life and labor are cheap, and that he cannot hope to win by them the wealth which will realize for him the dream of future ease; the American finds his labor dear, and his rewards comparatively bountiful, so that his dream of wealth is a rational one. He, therefore, denies himself, works early and late, and bends his energies, and directs those of his family into profitable channels, all of great good that beckons him on from the far-off golden future.

The typical American never lives in the present. If he indulges in a recreation, it is purely for health's sake, and at long intervals, or in great emergencies. He does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope deferred or blank disappointment. Out of it all grows the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrupulousness concerning the methods of its acquirement. So America presents the anomaly of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life-long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of her home-life, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amusements that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever—surely this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become imprudent, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by resort to the daily social enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of some sort. It should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them, until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain. Something of the Old World fondness for play, and daily or weekly indulgence in it, should become habitual among our workers. Toil would be sweeter if there were a reward at the end of it; work would be gentler when used as a means for securing a pleasure which stands clearer than an old age of ease; character would be softer and richer and more child-like, when acquired among genial, everyday delights. The all-subordinating strife for wealth, carried on with fearful struggles and constant self-denials, makes us petty, irritable and hard. When the whole American people have learned that a dollar's worth of pure pleasure is worth more than a dollar's worth of anything else under the sun; that working is not living, but only the means by which we win a living; that money is good for nothing except for what it brings of comfort and culture; and that we live not in the future, but the present, they will be a happy people—happier and better than they have been. "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," may not be an accepted maxim in political economy, but it was uttered by the wisest being that ever lived in the world, whose mission it was to make men both good and happy.—Dr. J. G. Holland, *Sermoner for August.*

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."



## JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the People's Press Printing Establishment. We can furnish, at short notice, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, CARDS, PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS, DRAFTS, &c., &c.

We clip the following from the Greenville, Tenn., Intelligence, of the 4th inst. It is one among many other testimonials, which might be published, of the high esteem in which Salem Female Academy is held abroad.

BOUND FOR OLD SALEM.—This week a charming lot of the fair daughters of East Tennessee, took their departure for the celebrated Moravian Academy at Salem, N. C. Among them were Miss Fannie Brown, Miss Belle Patterson and Miss Minnie Fain. "Little Switzerland" may well feel proud of her representatives in the "Mother State." Whilst we regret to see so many of our young ladies leave their native State, yet we congratulate them on their wise selection of that renowned and venerable Moravian Academy. The educational facilities there are, perhaps, superior to any in the Southern States. We hope for the young ladies all the accomplishments and exalted literary attainments expected by their numerous friends and a safe return to their beautiful homes at the approach of lovely spring.

GOVERNOR BAXTER DECLINES.—Gov. Baxter, of Arkansas, declined the nomination unanimously tendered him by the Democratic State Convention, assigning as his reason that he does not believe it to be for the best interest of the State for him to accept it. This shows that Gov. Baxter has been governed by higher motives than mere lust of office and selfish greed. After his declension the gubernatorial nomination was tendered unanimously to Hon. A. H. Garland, who accepted it. The State ticket was then completed.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 12.—Night.—The Union Convention of South Carolina adjourned at a late hour last night. If the Republicans make a decent nomination it is understood that the Convention will sustain them. The Executive Committee is authorized to call the Tax Union again if deemed necessary.

PREMIUMS ON TOBACCO.—At a call meeting of the Danville Tobacco Association, held on the 8th inst., the committee to arrange premiums on tobacco at the Border Agricultural Fair this Fall made the following report, which was adopted:

PREMIUMS ON TOBACCO.  
1st For finest specimen of Tobacco cured in any manner \$50  
2nd " " next finest " " 30  
3rd " " next finest " " 20  
4th " " finest " " 10  
5th " " do " " 5  
6th " " do " " 5  
7th " " do " " 5

No sample to weigh less than five pounds and all samples to be the crop of 1874, and all premium samples to be the property of the tobacco Association. No sample to compete for more than one premium.

A DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.—The most dangerous counterfeit that has been gotten up is a five dollar National bank note on the Trade's National Bank of Chicago, and the chief of the United States Secret Service Division has issued a warning against it. The means by which it may be detected are described as follows: Under the letter C in the word "Chicago," on the face of the note, the last shade runs into the top of the first word "Pay," which is directly under it, while in the genuine a distinct space intervenes. In the date of the year, "1865," the right hand end of the words "five dollars," in the body of the note, the numerals 6 and 5 come closely together. In the counterfeit there is a much wider space. The panels in the border surrounding the face of the genuine note have numerous marks of the drapery. In the counterfeit the marks are fewer and less distinct.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Republican Convention of South Carolina adjourned on the evening of the 14th, after six days session. A resolution endorsing Grant for a third term was adopted. The Convention nominated D. H. Chamberlain for Governor, H. Gleaves, incumbent, for Lieutenant Governor, R. B. Elliott for Chairman of Executive Committee. An Independent Republican Convention will be called, as many delegates are dissatisfied, and other nominations will be made.

LIBERAL CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.—The Liberal Republican Convention met in Albany on the 9th inst. The address of the chairman showed the great necessity for a new party whose protestations were honest. Resolutions were adopted pledging the Liberal Republican of New York to stand for the defense of Constitutional liberty, and the right of local self-government. Also that Grant's administration has failed to fulfill the reasonable expectations of the people, &c. The Convention resolved not to make any nomination, and adjourned to meet again on the 29th inst.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.—WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—A dispatch from General Miles to General Pope, commanding the department of Missouri, dated Fort Dodge, September 8th, says the command has followed the confederated and hostile Indians for seven days from Sweet Water to the headwaters of the south branch of Red river, gaining steadily on them, until they turned and made an attack, which was repulsed. The Indians then retreated to a strong position, displaying a force of about five hundred warriors. The troops, notwithstanding the privations they had sustained in their rapid march, came up to the attack in splendid spirits, and without halt, went into the fight. The Indians, who appeared very brave at first, broke and ran off in every direction. Whenever they made a stand, they were charged and routed. For 110 miles, from Sweet Water to Staked Plains, their line of retreat is strewn with abandoned property and broken-down animals. They burned their villages during the night.

General Miles asks for additional transportation to keep up supplies; the command being 193 miles from their base of operations.—He says the command is in excellent spirits and good condition. The country is terrible for camping—a series of ragged bluffs and plains, deep canons, and almost destitute of water.

## Bad State of Affairs in New Orleans.

Wednesday morning's mail brings us the following deplorable state of affairs in New Orleans, which we lay before our readers, to the exclusion of other matter prepared for this issue:

THE KELLOGG GOVERNMENT OVERTHROWN BY AN UPRISING OF THE CITIZENS IN OPPOSITION TO "THE THIEVES, PLUNDERERS AND DESPOILERS OF THE STATE."—ACTUAL BLOOD-SHED AND FIGHTING IN THE STREETS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15, 1874.

The meeting under Clay's statue was called in remonstrance of the seizure of arms belonging to private citizens. The meeting passed resolutions declaring that the Senate of the United States declared that Kellogg was not elected Governor. The resolutions denounced him as a usurper and demanded to abdicate. A committee was appointed to bear these resolutions to Kellogg, but he was not est. Gen. Dibble carried messages hither and went between the committee and the Governor. The Governor in the meantime calling upon Grant for aid.

During these proceedings the Federal troops were inert at the Custom House. It may have been apprehended that they would serve their country better by saving the hides of high officials than by enforcing the Enforcement Act on the street. The communications between the Committee and the Governor culminated in mutual threats. The meeting then adjourned, but the people were advised to go home and arm themselves. Subsequently O. B. Penn, Lieutenant Governor on the McEnry ticket, issued a proclamation, assuming gubernatorial functions and appointing officers to organize militia.

The following was also issued:

To the Colored People of the State of Louisiana: In the grand movement now on foot against the enormities of the rule of Kellogg's usurpation, rest assured that no harm is meant towards you, your property or your rights. Pursue your usual avocations and you will not be molested. We are against the thieves, plunderers and despoilers of the State, who are invading your race and ours in a common ruin. The rights of the colored, as well as of the white race, are determined to uphold and defend.

D. B. PENN, Lieutenant Governor and acting Governor and Commander in Chief of the Louisiana State Militia.

Armed men were soon stationed at the strategic corners of the streets. Five hundred Metropolitans, Gen. Longstreet commanding, with cavalry and artillery, appeared at the head of Canal street and took a position. A desultory fire followed and the Metropolitans driven away. The citizens captured one piece of artillery and then barricaded and destroyed the police and fire telegraph. Sharp fights at the river end of Canal street, some fifty were killed, including Captain J. M. West, a printer and newspaper correspondent, and A. E. Toledano on the citizens side. Gen. Badger of the Metropolitans, is badly wounded.

SHREVEPORT, La., Sept. 15.—The action of the people of New Orleans has been received with the greatest enthusiasm here and throughout the north of Louisiana. A meeting was held in this city to-night to take action on the proclamation of Acting-Governor Penn. Speeches were made by leading citizens of this parish advising moderation and assuring the colored people that no violence was contemplated and their rights to be carefully respected. The undersigned were appointed a committee to telegraph the Agent of the Associated Press at New Orleans that while the movement in North Louisiana is complete, it will be bloodless. The Parish officials elected in 1872, will be installed at 10 o'clock, A. M., to-morrow, and the militia will be organized at 12 noon. W. B. Eamon, J. C. Moncreux and A. H. Leonard, Committee.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 15.—The action of the Metropolitan Police, Kellogg's Militia, etc., surrendered at 9 o'clock, A. M., to the citizens or Penn Militia. Kellogg, Longstreet, and others, have taken refuge in the Custom-house.

NEW ORLEANS, September 15.—LATER.—10 A. M.—The State House surrendered at 7 o'clock this morning to Lieutenant Governor Penn's militia without firing a gun. Lieutenant Governor Penn's militia are about 10,000 strong. All the State and City property, police stations, arsenals and police and fire alarm telegraphs, are in possession of the League. Kellogg is in the Custom House, under protection of the United States troops. Jackson Square Police Station, under command of General Longstreet, is reported to have just surrendered.

STILL LATER.—NEW ORLEANS, September 15th.—A long list of Metropolitans killed. Telegrams announcing the following wounded citizens received at Charity Hospital: Wm. Ormand, Charles Kilt, James Cross, John Wren, John McCabe, M. Betts, Frank Owen, D. Sonat. The President of the U. S. has issued his proclamation. In view of the foregoing existing state of affairs in Louisiana, commanding said turbulent and disorderly persons to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within five days from this date, and hereafter to submit themselves to the laws and constituted authorities of said State, and invokes the aid and co-operation of all good citizens thereof to uphold the law and preserve the public peace.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, ex-Senator from Louisiana, and Confederate Cabinet Minister during the war, is a member of the London Bar, and a leading barrister tells me is making \$40,000 a year. So writes Forney from London.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—Night.—A terrific collision occurred this morning the Great Eastern Railway, near Norwich; 20 persons were instantly killed, and 50 were injured, some of whom it is feared will not survive.

MISSOURI.—ST. LOUIS, Sept. 12.—Night.—Post Master-General Jewell, advertised through the papers here, to-day, a reward of \$5,000 for the parties who committed what is known as the Gad's Hill robbery, in this State, on the 31st day of January last, and \$3,000 reward for the arrest of the robbers at the San Antonio stage, in Texas, in April last.

THE LATE TENNESSEE MASKED MURDERER'S OPERATIONS.—NEW YORK, September 9th.—A special dispatch says that Governor Brown arrived at Memphis yesterday from Trenton, the scene of the late masked murderer's operations. He says that the conviction of respectable persons in Trenton is that only five negroes of the sixteen taken from jail were shot dead. One negro is now in jail, and is getting well, but the rest escaped. No traces of human remains have been found, except the five men above referred to.

A new grand jury has been empanelled in Gibson county, and is busy endeavoring to find indictments against lawless jail breakers and murderers.

Gov. Brown declares his intention to leave nothing untried to ferret out all outlaws concerned in the cowardly and bloody work.

The Virginia City Enterprise reports that the Plute Indians are multiplying more rapidly than any other inhabitants of the State of Nevada. They are also an industrious people, the women virtuous and the men temperate. Their greatest vice and ruling passion is gambling. There are about one hundred births among them to one death.

## Cool Spring Sunday School Picnic.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—On Saturday, Sept. 5, I had the pleasure of being present at a Sunday School Picnic at Cool Spring. Cool Spring School House is on the left hand of the old stage road leading from Salem to Greensboro, and about a mile from the residence of Mr. William Stockton, Sen., and used to be one of the wayside inns of former days, kept by Mr. Wilson, the father of our newly elected Judge, and if I am not mistaken, the place of his birth.

The School is conducted by Mr. McQuistan Supt., assisted by Mr. Lomax, Kinnaman, Weavil, Masten, and a number of teachers. We found quite a number of persons present, some from a considerable distance, and good order prevailed throughout. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Superintendent, and then we had recitations, interspersed with singing. Mr. Masten, a son of our late Sheriff, aiding with his melodious to a good purpose.

At the close, your correspondent was called upon to say something in behalf of the Sunday School cause, and his remarks were kindly listened to, and seemed to be well received. Then it was announced that there was to be a procession headed by the Sunday School Banner, and all hands were requested to fall in ranks, which we did accordingly, wondering where we were to go, and what was to be done. But upon marching about twenty yards the mystery explained itself. There was our old friend, William Stockton, with a score of assistants, around a long table, we went say how long it was, for fear we should be accused of exaggeration, and from one end to the other it was full of good things, beef, ham, mutton, chickens, sweet potatoes, pickles, pies, cakes, not to mention a long table, we did not wait for a second invitation, but went at it with a good will and ate to our heart's content, as there was enough for all.

Our individual preference lay in the direction of that mutton, and it reminded us of a circumstance related by an old citizen of your place.

On the road leading from Salem to Lexington, near old Mt. Vernon Camp Ground, there formerly lived a respectable citizen, who left this county about the year 1833, and removed to Missouri. Some twenty years after, a party from around Salem concluded to take a western trip in a two horse wagon. They went to Missouri, Illinois and Iowa, returning through Indiana. In Missouri they took particular pains to hunt up the individual referred to above, and came upon him unexpectedly, when he found out who they were, and where they were from, the meeting seemed to be all that heart could wish, and words were not wanting on his part to express the pleasure their visit afforded him. My informant said, after having been in the house for some time, he thought he would walk round and take a look at the premises, leaving the host and the rest of the party in the house. Presently out came our friend, and calling to a hired man, said: "John, you take the gun and go down to the pasture and shoot the leanest sheep you can find." Accordingly John went and got the gun, and as he passed on the host again called to him, "be sure John you shoot the leanest," and went back into the house.

My informant, who was invisible, said he never felt so mortified in his life, to think after all the demonstrations of joy at their visit, then to want to feed them on lean mutton, it was too bad. He, however, said nothing, but determined to leave next morning bright and early.

At supper, sure enough some of the mutton was on the table, done up in fine style, and it was so fat they could scarcely get it. They staid several days, and before they left, he told the joke and the host and they had a hearty laugh at his expense. Now, whether the friend that furnished the mutton for the Pic Nic killed the fattest or leanest, I do not know, but it was fat.

After the dinner was over, we all went about two hundred yards in another direction and the children enjoyed themselves several hours playing, until the lengthening shadows admonished us that it was time to turn our steps homeward, and in doing so one feeling seemed to be uppermost with young and old, that the day had been pleasantly spent. And whenever they have another Pic Nic at Cool Spring, we are going, and will try and send you word to come too.

Kernersville, Sept. 12th, 1874. C. L. R.

FOR THE PRESS.

Cloud vs. Wilson.

A novel case took place at Surry Court last Monday week. The expected contest between Cloud, the retiring Judge, and Wilson, the newly elected, came off at Surry Court on the 7th inst. Cloud arrived at the court-house and took his seat on the bench about 10 o'clock. He sent the Clerk after the Sheriff, but neither returned. In the meantime Cloud held on to his seat, but did no business, as there were no officers present. About 2 o'clock, Wilson, in company with the Solicitor, the Sheriff and the Clerk, made his appearance in the court-house. Wilson formally demanded the use of the court-room. Cloud persisted that he was still the rightful presiding judge of the circuit and refused to surrender. A lively discussion ensued between the two Judges, each maintaining his right to reside, and each exhibiting his commission. The discussion was cut short by the Sheriff demanding of the Solicitor, as his legal adviser, whom he should recognize. The Solicitor instructed the Sheriff to recognize Mr. Wilson as Judge. This he did, and proceeded to inform Mr. Cloud that he must vacate his seat for Mr. Wilson. Mr. Cloud refused to obey, and had to be carried from the bench by main force. He made no physical resistance. A writ quo warrantu was then served on Judge Wilson, which was acknowledged by him, when he proceeded with the business of the Court.

It is said Mr. Wilson bore himself with great dignity throughout. Judge Cloud was somewhat irate, but relying on the decision of the Supreme Court, to which he would finally go, he gave notice that he would be back there to hold the Spring term in 1875.—Salisbury Watchman.

INFANTICIDE.—Some two weeks ago, a young woman, aged about 20 years, named Hannah Cox, from Randolph county, came into this county to attend the Friends' Meeting at New Garden. She found board and was to remain until she could hear from a gentleman in Surry, where she said she was going to teach school. On Thursday she said her Surry friend would meet her at Winston, on Friday; so she was carried to the New Garden depot on Friday at 2 o'clock, A. M., but failing to make the connection, was taken back to the place where she was stopping. She complained of colic upon her return and was treated for that disease; but about sunrise she gave birth to a male child, and being alone in her room, with the door locked, she murdered it and concealed the body before an admittance could be gained by the family. The child having been heard to cry, and fresh blood being discovered upon the floor, a search was instituted and revealed the horrible fact that she had cut the child's throat and concealed it in her carpet sack. The knife with which the deed was done lay upon the table, wet from having just been washed.

The saddest part of this affair is yet to be told. The girl is young, intelligent, well educated and the daughter of a worthy citizen of Randolph, and this blasting his hopes and happiness, will fall with crushing weight upon him. She left him two short weeks ago in the bloom of health, and as far as he knew, as pure and chaste as his holy teaching and pious example could make her. The next news he has of her, she is a disgraced mother, a murderer! Her father and relatives have the sympathy of all who have felt the anxious throb of a father's, mother's, brother's, sister's heart; but the English language is incapable of expressing the sentiments of an enraged and virtuous people, upon the vile wretch, by whose seductive wiles this poor woman fell.

The girl made her escape before the arrival of the Coroner. She has since been arrested in Indianapolis, and will probably be tried at the present term of Guilford Court.—Greensboro Patriot.

The Greensboro Patriot says: "Jess. Thompson, of this county, has probably 'tailed' more foxes than any man in the State. This week he caught his 748th fox, and says Guilford ain't a good place to fox hunt either."

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—Cross Woods, colored, of Lincoln county, N. C., is 118 years of age. According to his apprentice papers, if he lives until January, 1875, he will be 119.

The 61st Synod of North Carolina will convene in the town of Concord, Cabarrus county, on Wednesday, the 14th day of October, 1874, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The Charlotte Democrat says: Many of the decent and oppressed white men of South Carolina are coming into this part of North Carolina looking for homes.

jovial, happy crowd of juveniles reminded us more of a Sunday School Picnic than a work gathering. The women and children, cutting, carrying up and assorting the grapes; the tools, buckets, baskets, barrels, tables, chairs and wine press in the grove, surrounded by the busy group, reminded all present of the pictures and descriptions of scenes in the wine growing sections of Europe.

Every one present on those two days hopes that he may have many annual crops from both his vineyard's equally prolific with the past to compensate him for his generosity. I would not have made the statement with regard to the turnout from this small piece of ground had it not been witnessed by numbers of good citizens whose veracity cannot be disputed.

S. H. J.  
Lexington, N. C., September 11, 1874.

FOR THE PRESS.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—A STRANGE VISITOR.—Joe R., living on — street, had quite an adventure a few Sunday nights ago. He had retired, and was getting into the land of dreams, when he was startled by strange raps on the floor; at first they sounded in the middle of the room, then in one corner, then in another. Thinking it was a genuine spirit, he tried to think of some question to put to it, but as he couldn't recollect any "ghost talk" he got out of bed, took the lamp and made a search for it, but found nothing. He went back to bed, and in a few minutes the raps were repeated in another part of the room. Determined to find out what it was he got up again and made a general search in bureau drawers, boxes, trunks, and every place that he thought a ghost could get into, but nothing could be found. Lying down again, he listened for the raps, which were soon repeated, this time at the head of the bed. This was too much for Joe. Jumping up again and seizing the lamp, he "peeped" under the bed but saw nothing ghost-like. Turning with his face towards a table that was standing in the corner near the bed, he discovered two strange looking eyes shining at him from under the table, which upon careful examination proved to belong to a huge bull-frog.

Being satisfied now that it was no ghost, he let it remain in the room till morning, when he found his frogship perched upon the door knob waiting to be let out.

Joe says it may have been fun for the frog, but it was almost death to him for awhile.

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## Contributions to the Orphan Asylum, in August, 1874.

IN CASH.  
\$32.10 W. G. Hill Lodge No. 218.  
\$15.26 Delk Lodge No. 171.  
\$12.35 Knap of Reeds Lodge No. 158.  
\$10.34 Anonymous letter from Durham.  
\$10.26 Fayetteville Baptist Church.  
\$10.25 Jerusalem Lodge No. 315.  
\$10, each, Mt. Lebanon Lodge No. 117; Neil's Creek Grange No. 315; Wilmington Council No. 4; Randolph Lodge No. 309, and a Doctor.  
\$9 Collection at Statesville.  
\$7.05 High Brighton Lodge No. 262.  
\$7, Mocksville Lodge No. 134.  
\$6, Bayboro Lodge No. 331.  
\$5.90, Durbin Lodge No. 266.  
\$5, each, King Parker, Rev. L. C. Perkinson, Capt. J. J. Thomas, Caraway Council F. of T. Orr Lodge No. 104, and Prospect Lodge No. 311.  
\$4, Capt. E. W. Manning.  
\$3.85 Elmwood Lodge No. 243.  
\$3.50 Phalanx Lodge No. 31.  
\$3.50 American George Lodge No. 17.  
\$2.80 Concho Lodge No. 131.  
\$2.50 each, J. F. Wilson and J. Mitzell.  
\$2.55 Greensboro Lodge No. 76.  
\$2.10 Centre Grove Lodge No. 183.  
\$2, each, C. G. Crichton, Wilmington Lodge No. 319 and King Solomon Lodge No. 56.  
\$1.50 each, A. J. Johnson, Edwin Brace's Collection, and Webster Lodge No. 222.  
\$1, each, Rev. J. E. Montague, Edward Pierce, Miss M. L. Morrison, J. A. Lowery and T. P. Jernam.  
50cts, each, Stonewall Lodge No. 29, and M. Evans.  
25cts, R. McKethan.

IN KIND.  
1 box dry goods, Citizens of Yanceyville and vicinity. 1 sack flour, Minor & Bensley. 1 bundle clothing, A. J. Johnson. 1 pair shoes, a widow. Clothing, Knives, Spoons, Knap of Reeds Lodge No. 158. 10 dozen cups and saucers, Cronly & Morris. 60 melons, Citizens of Oxford. 1 mule collar, J. H. Lassiter. 1 barrel pearl grits, Alex. Oldham. Vegetables, R. L. Hunt.

The good people of the State will be mortified at this report. The liberality of July, made it possible to bear the indifference of August, but September is dependent on itself.

J. H. MILLS.

STATE ITEMS.

A drunken negro made a violent assault with rocks and knife, upon Judge Schenck at Lincolnton last week. A severe blow on the right arm disabled the Judge and forced upon him the necessity of using a shot gun in his defense. Fortunately the gun was loaded with small shot, inflicting only a slight wound. As the negro could have had no possible motive in making the assault, the Judge attributes it to liquor.—Landmark.

MURDER IN ALLEGANY COUNTY.—Just as we go to press a letter from Wilkesboro informs us of the killing of William Wagoner at the house of Jonathan Stamper, in Allegany county, on the 3d ult. Troy Stamper and Milton Stamper are charged with the homicide, and are now in jail. The difficulty originated in a horse swap. Both parties, and others present, were drinking.—Landmark.

John S. Morris, of Iredell county, sold his crop of last year's tobacco in Danville last week at an average of \$32 50 per hundred.—He planted five acres in tobacco and realized \$650 00 therefrom.

There have been already one thousand and seven hundred entries for the State Fair.

Dr. McNally, of Alamance county, N. C., sold in Danville, Va., a few days ago, 1,000 lbs. tobacco at an average of 60 cts. per lb.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Supreme Court has decided that it is unconstitutional for town corporations to levy a tax to pay indebtedness contracted unless by a vote of the citizens.—They can levy taxes to meet current expenses.

The diphtheria is raging among the children in the western part of Union county.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Benjamin Jackson, colored, met with a horrible death at Humphrey's saw mill, near Goldsboro, on Monday last. While engaged in clearing the lumber his clothes became entangled and he fell on the saw, then revolving full speed, cutting off almost in an instant a hand and foot and severing one side of the face from the other, from the effects of which he died some two hours afterwards.—Messenger.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. John Ewing, aged 18 years, was killed in Mallard Creek Township, on last Friday afternoon, while engaged in digging a well. He was at the bottom of the well when a rock fell from the top striking him on the back, injuring him so that he died in about an hour. The same young man was severely injured while digging Mr. Wm. Rankin's well in Sharon Township about a year ago.—Charlotte Democrat.

ESCAPED.—We learn that four Penitentiary convicts made their escape on Friday afternoon by seizing the guard and disarming him. They disappeared in the woods taking with them the arms of the guard.—Raleigh Crescent.

Application has been made at the Adjutant-General's office for arms by a new volunteer company recently organized in Salisbury. It is colored, and represents itself as having the full number required by law, and duly organized.

WAKE COUNTY.—The question of the Sheriff's salary which has occasioned so much interest in our community for the past week, was settled by the Board of County Commissioners refusing to acknowledge that T. F. Lee had been elected, according to the action of the old Board, and Mr. S. M. Dunn not presenting any claims, the Board was declared vacant. The Board then elected Sidney M. Dunn Sheriff of Wake county, and the Sheriff gave his bond and qualified accordingly. The good people of Wake county will rejoice at this result.—Raleigh News.

MATIMONY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A few days since a young man appeared in this city before the court clerk to get the usual authorization to pay some young lady's board. He swore she was over twenty-one and got the coveted document. Complaint and oath was soon after made before Mayor Kelly that the young lady was not very far advanced in her teens, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of the intending husband. He, it appeared, had made his intended "over twenty-one" by putting those figures in her show and then swearing by them. The device was too thin, and he may have to serve a time in the State's prison for perjury. "Verily the course of true love never did run smooth."—Richmond Enquirer.

The Washington Capital has the latest bonnet of Senator Thurman. A gentleman asked him on the cars, the other day, what he thought of the Beecher case. "Why," he replied, "to tell you the truth, I am in the condition of the associate judge, who, charging the jury in a larceny case, said there was a monstrous improbability of innocence, and the jury must give the defendant the benefit of the doubt."

A party of workmen, chiefly negroes, paraded the streets of Washington a few days ago, with banners bearing the legend, "We will rather beg than work for a dollar and a half a day, whereupon the Philadelphia Press (Radical) utters these sensible sentiments: Those of them who were black, and the majority were of that color, have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done more to defeat the civil rights bill than a dozen inimical Senators. They have shown conclusively that they are not fit for freedom.

NEW GARDEN, 7th Mo., 28th, 1874. This is to certify that we have used the Florence Sewing Machine at this institution for about one year. Having previously used several other kinds, we have found none which so fully meets the demand for heavy and light work at the same time running so quietly and easily, and we take pleasure in recommending the Florence to all who are in need of a reliable Sewing Machine.

MATRON NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL. Sept. 17, 1874.—38-3m.

THIS has been long tested as a first-class and thoroughly reliable Family Sewing Machine, doing heavy as well as the finest of work, is the only one having the Reversible Feed, and can be furnished as a side or back feed Machine. The prices are reduced \$25.00, so as to bring it within reach of all who need a first-class MACHINE.

CLUBS OF THREE OR MORE ARE ALLOWED A STILL FURTHER REDUCTION, which can be ascertained by application at this office. Orders promptly filled and satisfaction GUARANTEED. Liberal arrangements will be made with reliable parties to act as agents.

NEW GARDEN, 7th Mo., 28th, 1874. This is to certify that we have used the Florence Sewing Machine at this institution for about one year. Having previously used several other kinds, we have found none which so fully meets the demand for heavy and light work at the same time running so quietly and easily, and we take pleasure in recommending the Florence to all who are in need of a reliable Sewing Machine.

## That Democratic victory in Wilmington, Delaware, on Tuesday last, points to a still more glorious one for the whole State in November next.

The Delaware Gazette says: "It is only another straw showing the direction of the milder of the whole people of the country are averse to the longer continuance in power of a party that has proved itself a mass of corruption in every State where it has had an overpowering hold on power."

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—The September returns of the Department of Agriculture show a heavy decline in the prospects of the cotton crop in all the States except Virginia, where it about holds its own. The crop of Virginia, however, is too small to exercise any appreciable influence on the general result.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## ANOTHER CHANCE!

## FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT

## PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

## IN AID OF THE

## POSTPONED TO

## November 30th, 1874.



## LOCAL ITEMS.

### Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C., Post Office Arrangement.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 a. m.

**TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAILS.**

Railroad, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Sundays, at 8 a. m.; due every day, except Monday, at 3.30 a. m.

Mountain, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Monday, at 8 a. m.; due, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a. m.; due, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12.30 p. m.

Madison mail, via Sedge Garden, Germantown and Walnut Cove, due, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3 p. m.; closes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.

Jennings mail, via Friedberg, Miller's Mill, Elba and Fultons, closes every Friday at 7 a. m. due, every Saturday, at 7 p. m.

Jonesville mail, via Mt. Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend, due every Friday, at 7 p. m.; closes every Saturday, at 6 a. m.

Walkertown mail, via Salem Chapel, White Road, Bevel's Creek Mills and Blackley, closes every Friday, at 4 p. m.; due, every Saturday, at 7 p. m.

Faulter Creek mail, via Lewisville, closes every Saturday, at 7 a. m.; due, at 8 p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

Dried Blackberries, 9 cents per pound.

Dried Cherries, 20 to 25 cents " "

Dried Apples, 4 to 10 cents " "

Dried Peaches, 12 to 22 cents " "

Dried Peaches (4) Unpeeled 6 cents " "

Rev. R. P. Lineback, Principal of the Salem Male Academy, with the scholars of the institution, enjoyed a pleasant day in the chinquapin woods on Friday last. The boys enjoyed the sport hugely and gathered a considerable quantity of the nuts.

The crop is represented as good and opening finely.

**RAIN.**—After a protracted drouth, we had a refreshing, gentle rain on Monday and Tuesday nights.

**SOCIETY FOR PROTECTION OF PROPERTY.**—At the late meeting of the Society for the Protection of Property, a tax of 50 cents was assessed on every old member of the Society. Those interested will please call on the Treasurer, J. G. Sides, or A. Fogle, Esq., and pay the tax.

### New Advertisements.

Sheriff's last tax notice.

F. G. Cartland, general agent for Florence Sewing Machine, High Point.

Meeting of the creditors of Vogler & Co. Greensboro Gift Concert.

New Fall and Winter Goods at J. L. Fulker-sons.

Ellison Creek Nurseries.

The teachers and scholars of Friedberg Sunday School return their hearty thanks to Mr. C. W. Vogler, for their delightful excursion trip to Raleigh.

**AN ORANGE TREE** may be had—cheap for nothing—by applying at the Printing Office.

**NARROW ESCAPE.**—We learn that, a short time since, Wm. Saylor, of the vicinity of Pfafftown, in this county, took shelter under a tree during a thunder storm. The tree was struck by lightning, ripping Saylor's clothes and burning his side severely, but otherwise inflicting no serious injury. Truly a very narrow escape.

**CORNWORM VS. WHISKEY.**—A citizen of this town, while working in his garden on Saturday last, was stung on one of his fingers by what is known as a cornworm. His hand soon began to swell, which extended to his arm and body, causing terrible suffering and delirium. The great poison antidote—corn whiskey—was given to the bitten man in considerable quantities, which relieved him and effected a complete recovery.

**LECTURES.**—The Lecture Committees of the Salem Literary Society and the Reading Club held a joint meeting on Monday evening last, and, after mature consideration, determined to give a course of Six Lectures the ensuing season, commencing in the latter part of October. Able and popular speakers will be engaged and a brilliant series of Literary entertainments are anticipated.

We learn that the Engine and Hose carriage have been temporarily removed to the lot of Henry Minung's Carriage Manufactory, on Main street.

A new building will be erected as early as convenient in some suitable locality.

We need a good Hall for public entertainments. Could not some arrangement be made for the erection of a large Hall, with a basement as an engine house and market house. The Literary Society and Reading Rooms might also have permanent halls and thus enable the Young Men's Missionary Society to revive the flagging interest in their Museum, which is now cut up into small rooms for the accommodation of the Reading Club. We merely throw out these hints to arouse public inquiry.

**RATTLE SNAKES** are said to be plenty about Dobson, in Surry County, so much so that it is dangerous for the uninitiated to walk out after dark.

**THE STOLEN MULE.**—We learn that the mule stolen from Mr. E. T. Davis, near Huntsville, was taken into Patrick County, Va., by John Wood. Wood was arrested in Franklin County, Va. on suspicion, examined, and sent to jail, where he remained only some 10 or 12 days, and broke out. Wood denies having stolen the mule, but how he came in possession of it has not transpired.

**ROBBERY IN STOKES.**—We learn from the Danbury Reporter that in the absence of the family of Thomas Green, their dwelling was entered and robbed of a number of household articles. The trunk of Mr. Green's son was carried a short distance and ten dollars in specie, a silver watch worth \$15, and some clothing taken therefrom. Ten dollars in greenbacks were overlooked by the rogues, strongly suspected to be colored persons.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Charles R. Jones and Frederick Pendleton in the publication and ownership of the Charlotte Observer has been dissolved. Mr. Jones will continue the publication of the Observer, a first rate paper.

**IN THE MATTER OF** Bankrupts.

An adjourned meeting of the Creditors of said Bankrupts will be held in Salem, N. C., on the 1st of October, 1874, before Thomas B. Keogh, Register in Bankruptcy for the purposes named in the 28th Section of the Bankrupt Act of March 2nd, 1867.

H. W. FRIES, Assignee.

**DAVIDSON COLLEGE**

Next Session will begin Sept. 24, 1874.

Healthy location. Moral atmosphere. Strict discipline. Thorough teaching. Moderate charges. Seven professors. For catalogue or information apply to J. R. Blake, Chairman of the Faculty.

Post Office, Davidson's College, N. C.

## THE MARKETS.

Corrected by R. A. Wommack & Co., Dealer in General Merchandise.

Corn, (old) 115 a 1 25	Salt 170 a 1 80
Wheat, 1 35 a 1 40	" American, 0 00
Flour, 3 50 a 3 75	Candles ada, 18 a 20
" 2 4 a 2 5	Oils, Lined, 0 00 a 1 25
Chop, 21 a 22	" Kerosene, 22 a 40
Bacon, 102 a 00	Sheetings, Fries B. 10
Pork, 7 00 a 8 00	" A 103
Lard, 12 a 15	Yarn, Fries, 1 30 a 1 35
Eggs, 10 a 12 1/2	" Iron, 54 a 6
Molasses, 38 a 50	Nails, 6 a 6 1/2
Cheese Fac, 18 a 25	Calfskins, green, 15 cts.
" Mount, 15 a 20	Tallow, 8 a 10
Butter, 15 a 20	Beeswax, 28 a 30
Peas, 100 a 00	Clover Seed, 0 00 a 0 00
Apples, green, 90 a 50	Home grown, 0 00 a 0 00
dried, 4 a 10	Barrels Flour, Fruit 50
Potatoes, sw. 75 a 00	Brick, 6 00 a 10 00
" Irish, 100 a 00	Shingles, 40 00 a 50 00
Coffee, 25 a 30	Long leaf pine, 4 50 a 5 50
" 8 a 15	Hay, per cwt. 40 a 00
" crushed, 15 a 18	Rags, 21 a 13
Dried peaches, 12 a 22	Butter Beans, 13
" unpeel 1 6 a 8	Dried Cherries 20 to 25
Dried Blackberries, 9	

<b>Danville Tobacco Market.</b>	
Lugs—Very Common, \$8.00 to \$10.00	
" Good, " 10.00 to 12.00	
" Bright, " 15.00 to 20.00	
" Smokers, " 20.00 to 30.00	
Leaf—Common, " 12.00 to 15.00	
" Good, " 15.00 to 18.00	
" Rich waxy, " 18.00 to 20.00	
" Common Bright, " 40.00 to 50.00	
" Good, " 50.00 to 60.00	
" Fancy wrappers, " 80.00 to 120.00	

**New York, Sep. 15.**—Cotton, 16 1/2 a 17 1/2; Flour, \$5 30 to \$6 15; Corn, 89 a 90; Wheat \$1 24 a \$1 26; Gold, \$100 a \$109 1/2.

**Charlotte, Sept. 14.**—Bacon 15 a 16; Flour, \$3 25 a \$3 50; Corn, 0 00 a 1 25; Oats, 70 a 75; Wheat, \$0 00 a \$0 00; Brandy, \$2 00 a 2 25; Peas, \$1 00 a 0 00; Lard, 12 a 13.

**Richmond, Sep. 15.**—Wheat, \$1 37 a \$1 41; Corn 00 a 95; Oats 57 a 58; Flour \$5 75 a \$6 00.

**Fayetteville, Sept. 13.**—Bacon 15 a 16; Flour, \$5 00 a \$6 50; Corn 1 25 a 1 30; Oats 75 00 90; Rye, \$0 00; Wheat, \$0 00 a \$0 00; Lard, 14 a 15; Whisky, \$0 00; Brandy, \$0 00; \$0 00; Salt, \$1 65 a 0 00.

**THE SALEM PRINTING OFFICE.**

Having procured a FAST JOB PRESS, we are prepared to execute JOB WORK at short notice, and at prices to suit the times. All we ask is a fair trial.

Particular attention paid to PAMPHLETS, ADVERTISING SHEETS, POSTERS, HANDBILLS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, CARDS AND TOBACCO LABELS.

LEGAL BLANKS printed to order in a few hours' time.

We guarantee our work to be well done, and will make the most liberal arrangements for HEAVY JOBS, as well as the ordinary styles of printing.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO FINE WORK.

We would like to make arrangements with merchants, manufacturers and others for all the printing they have to do, as it will materially reduce the prices.

**PEPPER, FRESH AND GENUINE, P. O. BUILDING, SALEM, N. C.**

**THOS. R. PURNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, RALEIGH, N. C.**

Will attend to business in the State and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of the State.

**A GRAND GIFT CONCERT** will be given in the City of Greensboro, N. C., **December 31, 1874,** for the purpose of erecting an **Odd Fellows Temple.**

The Grand Gift is the **Benbow House,** WORTH \$60,000.00, GRAND CASH GIFT **\$10,000.00.**

Real Estate Gifts, \$81,500  
Cash, \$88,500

Only 100,000 tickets to be issued.  
Price of Tickets \$2 50.

**AGENTS WANTED.**

For further particulars, address the Manager, Box 8, Greensboro, N. C.

C. P. MENDENHALL, Manager.

**THE FOURTEENTH GRAND ANNUAL FAIR OF THE N. C. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,** WILL COMMENCE AT RALEIGH, **October 10 and close October 17, 1874.** \$12,000 IN PREMIUMS.

Finest display of Blooded Stock, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, &c., ever seen in the South will be at this fair.

Grand Military Display of elegantly uniformed Companies from all parts of the South.

Trials of Speed daily. Machinery will be in operation on the Grounds all hours of the day.

Railroad arrangements, both for exhibitors and visitors, the best ever offered.

Send for Premium List.

T. M. HOLT, President.  
R. T. FOLGUM, Secretary.

**NEW SHOE STORE.**

**S. H. & S. A. C. EVERETT.**

Corner of Main and New Shallowford Street.

WE have just received a large and well selected stock of **BOOTS AND SHOES,** which we propose to sell very low for CASH. Our stock consists of a splendid assortment of **LADIES', MISSES', CHILDREN'S and INFANTS'**

**GLOVE, FRENCH, CURACOA, KID and SERGE.**

LACED, BUTTON and CONGRESS BOOTS of latest styles and most elaborate finish.

These we have of every variety and quality to suit the fancy and purse of the customers.

We would especially invite the attention of the young gentlemen to our stock of handmade goods—BOOTS, CONGRESS GAITERS, ALEXIS TIES, PRINCE ALBERTS, PRINCE ARTHURS, &c. These we have made to order and of different widths, so that no one need think that they cannot get a fit at the New Shoe Store.

Our commoner grades of shoes are adapted to the wants of all classes of laboring men. Heavy Brigans, Double and Single Sole, Plough shoes, Alabama Ties, &c., &c.

We cannot enumerate all that we have, but beg that you will all come and examine our stock with a view to purchasing or not.

**ALL WORK WARRANTED.**

## Musical Instruments

**AT ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE.**

VIOLINS, GUITARS,  
BANJOS, TAMBORES,  
FLUTES, FIFES,  
ACCORDIONS.  
VIOLIN, GUITAR AND BANJO STRINGS.  
Extra Violin  
**BOWS and HAIR.**

**POND'S EXTRACT CURES**

Neuralgia, Piles, Headache,  
Diarrhoea, Boils, Soreness,  
Lameness, Burns, Sprains,  
Toothache, Scalds, Wounds,  
Sore Throat, Ulcers, Bruises,  
Rheumatism, Hemorrhages,  
etc.

**POND'S EXTRACT CURED BY**

**TAX NOTICE.**

**LAST CALL FOR TAXES.**

IN compliance with the requirements of law, I make a second round for the purpose of collecting the unpaid taxes due. This will be the last call, and I hope delinquent taxpayers will come forward promptly and pay up and save costs.

I will meet the tax-payers at the following times and places:

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